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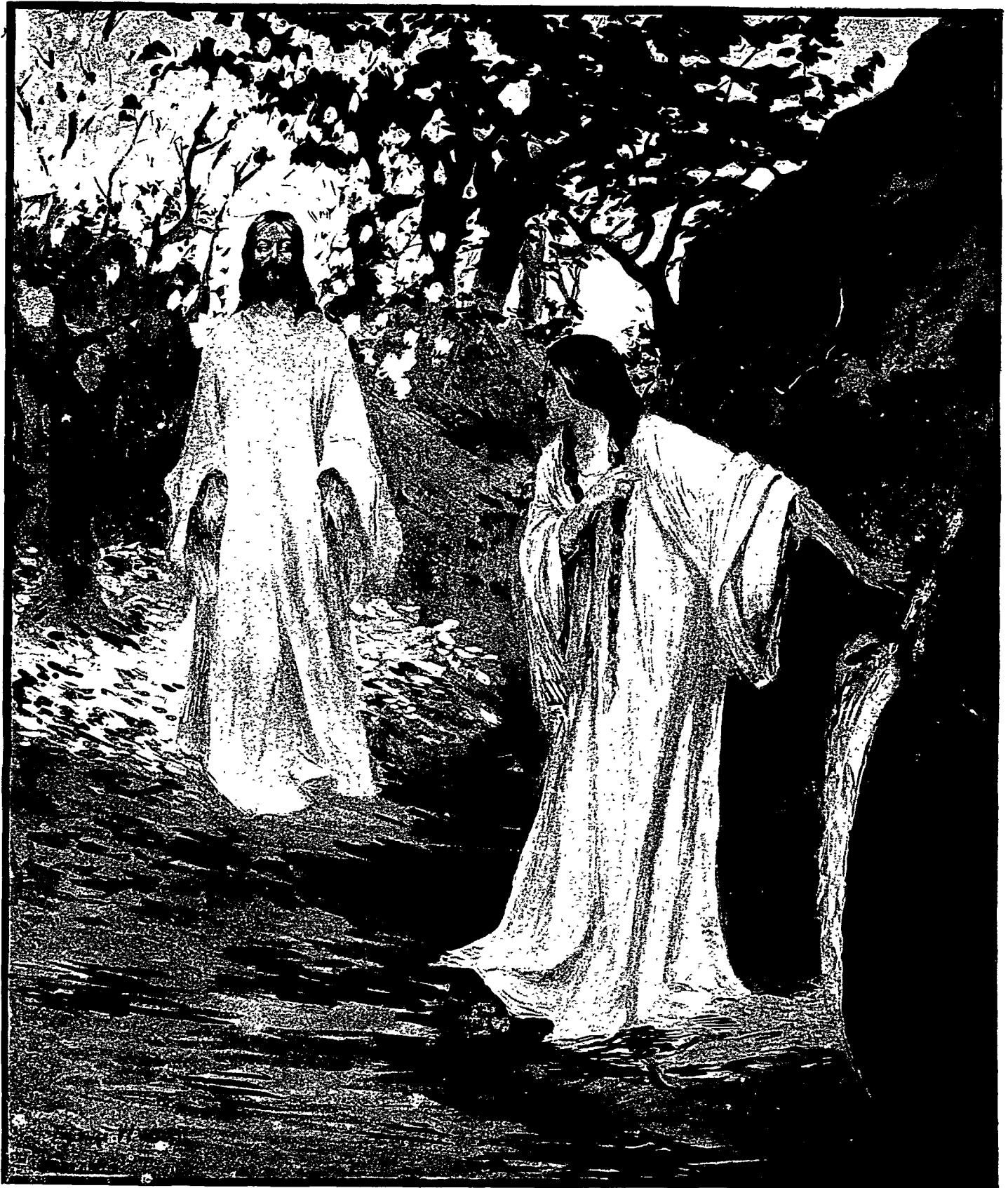
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Easter Garden

*Here where the winter's blight too long has lain,
And barren frost the only flower to bloom,
Now sudden sweeps the sweet ablution, rain;
Now, through the veiling tears we see the tomb—*

*A tomb no longer, but a gateway bright
That smiling opens to life's garden fair
Whereunto, beckoning our souls from night,
Our Master passes on the breath of prayer.*

—CH. PH.

THE WEEK

We see by the editorial page that it's here.

The storm doors are gone from the Main Building. Mr. Navarre may now open classroom windows without fear of being tossed out by shivering fellow students. Sheepskins cast longing eyes toward the cedar chest and the moth-balls. One hardy pioneer has already walked around the lakes and lived to tell the tale. Poetry and mud flourish side by side and the slicker has come into its own again.

To preserve the essential unity of this issue, we should chronicle here a frightful list of melodramatic happenings. But it is hard to live up to the note struck by *The Reward of Vengeance* and *The Warning Something-or-other*. The titles sound so bloodthirsty that we lacked courage to read further. Maybe you don't. Anyway there is not much of melodrama to record.

Unless you take *Macbeth* at the Oliver last Saturday night. Every student who understands the English language seems to have attended at least one of the Mantell performances. Saturday night was easily the most popular, probably because in that play our local actors took the most prominent parts of their two-day engagement. Mr. Lemmer, we believe, enacted the sterling role of Another Lord: we are not quite sure but many of his friends seem to have recognized his public speaking-debating-Washington-Day-Oration voice in that tremendous line: "All hail! the King!" Anyway, Shakespeare came and went, and furnished food for discussion in most of the English classes. And that's something.

A surprising number of entertainments appeared to break the Lenten monotony. The Absurdities succeeded in charming both smiles and dollars from large audiences who came for a laugh and got, among other

things, a prologue. But nobody was cheated and comparative harmony reigns once more. Then there was the Monday night concert which stands out as undoubtedly the best ever offered on the stage of Washington Hall. There was also the Passion Play at St. Mary's: we note but do not qualify. Rather a giddy week-end, all told.

Seniors are beginning to look worried. Some mathematical genius has figured out that, after Easter vacation, but a scant three weeks remain in which to do a thesis. The realization of this appalling fact is distinctly upsetting. Thus far the Seniors have accepted the dictum of one who should know: "When you've got your proposition you're half done." Confidence in this blithe aphorism is beginning to wane.

On with the Easter formals! Not very many are planned for this year but those few sound entertaining. When one considers that a week of Easter vacation contains but one day which is not dedicated to something other than amusement, it is distinctly consoling to be able to look forward to a good dance on that one day.

Three hundred philosophy students attempted to learn how to measure an atom last Monday night. Yes, they attempted. And now they can all say "So interesting: but very involved."

Most philosophy students prefer to read the *Juggler* anyway, particularly when it has a tempting Jew on the cover. Dear old Brownson turns out for something called spring practice and the church clock continues to be amazingly on time. Earnest professors give quarterly examinations and earnest ladies of the bucket scrub vigorously at the mud on the steps of the Main Building. Both discover unsuspected things.

—J.A.W.

GROOM FOR EASTER DANCES

You've heard it—who hasn't?—that thunderous thud-thud of number twelves bearing tons of he-man avoirdupois to and fro about the campus. It's only the collective Notre Dame man gently flitting to and from classes.

Yes, you've heard it — but did you ever witness the collective N. D. man in his role as a ballroom charmer? Iron heels discarded for petite pumps and twinkling toes displacing hammering heels. That's the son of the Golden Dome at affairs like these:

The boys from big, bad Chicago will rattle unruly hoofs at a no-civies-allowed affair in the Grand Ball Room of the new Palmer House Tuesday, April 6. The proper atmosphere will be injected by Harry Denny and his Notre Dame Collegians, and fair play will be seen to by John McMullen, President of the Notre Dame-Chicago Club. All visiting Notre Dame men are invited to attend.

Three bucks! That's the glad greeting from the Toledo gang. Unlike the gentlemen from the home of the W. G. N., however, they do not bar hand-me-downs. They call it a Spring Informal, and jubilantly announce the acquisition of Tom Howard's Columbus Darkies to convert notes into noise from nine till one (o'clock). They follow the lead of the W. G. N.'s by celebrating the same evening, but go them one better by broadcasting publicity concerning certain "entertainers and novel decorative effects."

Now that the season of unmentionable weather is over, the Hoosiers come out of hiding and say things about the Fort Wayne Club, the Anthony Hotel, Harry Denny's Collegians, and Easter Monday. Fair enough!

Not to be imitative, or anything like that, but Easter Monday is mentioned in dispatches concerning the Grand Rapids bunch also. And not that they're a high-hat bunch, but formal dinner dance is the way they spell it, and it's to be committed in the Grill Room of the Morton Hotel. Four hours—from nine till one — will be consumed along with the dinner. Attendance is restricted to members of the club and one guest. The committee—Leo Walsh, Vincent Stace, and Carl Pet-

tersch — announce "Chuck" Halweigen's orchestra.

The "trous" are pressed. On with the foot-fest!

ANNOUNCE MEDALS AND PRIZES

A certain number of medals and prizes are awarded at Commencement each year on the basis of competitive effort. The attention of all students who may be interested, is called to the following list of competitive prizes, supplied by Father DeWulf, chairman of the Faculty Committee on Scholarships and Prizes. Details can be learned from the heads of departments listed. All prize essays are due by May 1.

The Meehan medal for English is awarded to the student in the Senior Class who writes the most satisfactory essay on a literary subject. Consult Father Carrico, head of the Department of English.

The Barry medal for elocution is awarded on the basis of a contest to be held June 1. Consult Professor Kelly, head of the Department of Speech and Drama.

The Dockweiler medal for Philosophy is awarded to the Senior in the College of Arts and Letters who submits the most satisfactory essay on a philosophical subject. Consult Father Miltner, head of the Department of Philosophy.

The Monsignor F. A. O'Brien Prize is awarded to the student, in any college of the University, for special study and distinction in a historical subject. This is a money prize. Consult Father Ryan, head of the Department of History.

Fifty dollars is awarded by the South Bend *Tribune* to the student in the School of Journalism who submits the most satisfactory thesis on a journalistic subject. Consult Professor Cooney, director of the School of Journalism.

Announcement will be made in the near future of the competitive scholarships available for the year 1926-27.

Failure is the exciting force in the drama of life.—F.J.H.

THE OPERATIC TRIO

A double surprise, and one of generous proportions, was served in Washington Hall Monday night when the Chicago Operatic Trio appeared in concert. The three singers making up the trio are all well known artists of the Chicago Civic Opera: Messrs. Virgilio Lazzari and Forrest Lamont, basso and tenor respectively, and Miss Margery Maxwell, soprano; their accompanist, Mr. Frank St. Leger. The knowledge that the concert was to be given by such artists, while it raised the expectation of campus music-lovers, also raised a little doubt at the same time as to how such a program as they might arrange would be received; for invariably in college concerts the question arises as to how far the performance may go over the heads of their auditors—or rather, how far they may go without going over their heads.

It was here that surprise Number One came in. Hardly ever in the history of the student body has a program been more thoroughly enjoyed. The "balance" of the program was perfect. Opening with a "Madame Butterfly" duet, sung by Miss Maxwell and Mr. Lamont, it embraced in its operatic numbers the "Lament" from "Pagliacci" (Mr. Lamont) a duet from Mozart's "Don Giovanni" (Lazzari and Lamont), the "Jewel Song" from "Faust" (Miss Maxwell) and two selections, a trio and a duet, from Verdi's "Sforza del Destino." In the duet from the last named, long a popular *tour de force* of Caruso and Scotti, Messrs. Lazzari and Lamont surprised themselves demonstrating once more what a glorious piece of vocal music the "Destino" is.

Besides the operatic selections, some delightfully humorous pieces were given. "Ould Doctor McGinn" and "The Little Irish Girl" by Mr. Lamont found joyous response with the audience, while the Maxwell and Lazzari duet from the old Venetian brought the house down completely. Carew's "Love's a Merchant," by Miss Maxwell and a Rossini and Tosti number also were given by Lazzari and as a grand finale the "Faust" finale of Gounod.

Washington Hall audiences have perhaps

never heard better voices than these, nor a more finished accompaniment than Mr. St. Leger's. Miss Maxwell's clear bell-like soprano has an exquisite texture; the rich notes of Lazzari's basso showed fine spun overtones not often heard in a bass; Mr. Lamont's tenor is colorful and highly dramatic. And a word about the personalities of the artists. Singers and their accompanist won their audience completely by their charm and sincerity. They sang and played as if they were thoroughly enjoying themselves. And therein is to be registered surprise Number Two. The group of artists faced its first Notre Dame audience with some misgivings. Not only were they a little dubious about the degree of musical appreciation to be found in a "he-man's" college, but they had been informed that Notre Dame audiences were a bit barbarous. At the close of the concert they expressed themselves enthusiastically concerning the highly developed taste, the alert response, and the warm-hearted good manners of their student audience.—CH. PH.

SCHOLARSHIPS AWARDED

Father DeWulf, the chairman of the Faculty Committee on Scholarships and Prizes, announces that the Roger C. Sullivan scholarships for 1925-26 are awarded as follows: To Joseph A. Navarre, Jr., of the Senior class; to Frank T. Andrews, Jr., of the Junior class; and to George Crongeyer, of the Sophomore class. These scholarships amount to \$250 annually, and checks for that amount have been sent to each of the three successful candidates. Eleven men made application to the Committee. The scholarships are awarded to the three men, among those applying, having the highest scholastic average, one award to each class. The scholarships will be again awarded in June to apply on the year 1926-27. The awarding for the current year was delayed by correspondence with the donors.

A fact in the storehouse of memory is worth two in the notebook.—W.D.C.

Never try to gag a talkative person; he will only "chew the rag."—F.J.B.

"HOYNES NIGHT" CELEBRATED

"Hoynes Night" was celebrated by the local College of Law Thursday, March 18. A night has been set aside by the lawyers to be celebrated annually in honor of Col. William Hoynes, the founder and dean emeritus of the college which bears his name. In conjunction with the celebration an announcement was made of the Hoynes Award, a prize of one hundred dollars donated by the Colonel, to be awarded at each commencement to the graduate in law who has achieved highest honors in scholarship, application, deportment and achievement.

The meeting was called to order by Dave Stanton, president of the Law Club. Dean Thomas F. Konop announced the Hoynes award. Rev. George Finnigan, Vice-President of the University, introduced Col. Hoynes. The Dean Emeritus responded with a few brief words of thanks and an interesting talk on the origin and development of law. The young barristers greeted their benefactor with a prolonged ovation.

Col. Hoynes is a veteran of the Civil War; he saw active duty at the siege of Vicksburg, and was wounded in this battle. In 1912, in recognition of Catholic service, he was made a Knight of Saint Gregory by the Pope. He is the only surviving member of the Notre Dame post, G. A. R., which he founded. He was active dean of the Law School until 1918. Since that time he has remained at the University devoting most of his time to study and writing.

Before the meeting adjourned Lewis J. Murphy, a senior lawyer, speaking on behalf of the faculty and students of the College of Law, presented the following resolution which was unanimously adopted:

"Whereas: We recognize the fact that Col. William J. Hoynes, the dean emeritus, is justly entitled to be considered the father and founder of the college of law of the University of Notre Dame and that a proper sense of veneration and gratitude for his loyal services in that behalf, his long and able conduct of the affairs of the college, and the pre-eminent virtues of his character and career as a lawyer, teacher, patriot, and friend of the university, should find expres-

sion in public and permanent commemoration of his illustrious contribution to the up-building of the law school; and,

"Whereas, We believe that an annual celebration of our admiration, affection, and gratitude toward Col. Hoynes should be held, with exercises appropriate to the occasion, at which he shall be the honored guest, and the faculty and students of the College of Law shall have the opportunity to meet him, and to show the sentiments we so profoundly entertain toward him; now,

"Therefore, be it resolved, by the faculty and students of the college of law, now here for the first time assembled to pay honor and reverence to Col. Hoynes, that one night each year be set apart, preferably in the second semester, for a reception to the venerable founder of the law school, and for such exercises as may be appropriate to be known as "Hoynes Night," and that such anniversary shall be observed as a permanent function in the life of the College of Law.

"Further resolved; That a copy of these resolutions be furnished to Col. Hoynes, and to the Notre Dame *Lawyer*, as well as other university publications."

A SCOOP FOR PAN

The April issue of *Pan: Poetry and Youth*, now in press, will be unique among the year's literary publications. It will contain a complete series of new poems by the famous American poet, Vachel Lindsay. "Bab-bit Jambouree" is the title of Mr. Lindsay's new poems, and the title alone indicates, even without previous acquaintance with Lindsay's work, that they are more or less jazzy, in spite of the fact that Mr. Lindsay in the introduction to his recent volume disclaimed being a "jazz poet."

According to Charles Phillips, editor-in-chief of *Pan*, the Lindsay poems will not be published in book form until next September, when the house of Appleton will bring them out in a volume called "The Candle in the Cabin." The "first appearance" of a poet of Lindsay's fame, who is a regular contributor to all the "big" magazines of the country, is a real scoop for "*Pan* of Notre Dame."

PHILLIPS' NOVEL TO APPEAR SOON

"Sometime in April" is the time now announced by the publishers for the appearance of Professor Charles Phillips' new book, "The Doctor's Wooing." As the title indicates, and as the curious on the campus now pretty generally know, this new Phillips opus is a novel.

"Only a romance" is the author's unpretentious description of this book; but when quizzed about it, little by little he admits that "romance" in this case means a good deal more than moonlight. While he says that "The Doctor's Wooing" is primarily a love story, the author admits that it has, likewise, something over three hundred pages of red-blooded adventure. The scene of the story is set in the "big woods" of the author's native Wisconsin. The characters include a stern old Polish exile, his daughter (popularly known as "the song-bird of the pines"), a handsome scapegrace, an ugly villain who loves his dog, a "lumber king," a gang of strike-breakers, and a young doctor, also handsome enough in the he-man style, who is beginning his professional career in a way that literally gives him heart-failure—that is, of the agreeable sort.

STUDY PALACE STAGE

Professor Kelley's class in dramatic production had the privilege of studying the mechanics of the stage at the Palace Theater in South Bend last Monday afternoon. Mr. George Gordon, the manager of the Palace, accorded the class this privilege.

The visit was made intensely interesting by the elaborate explanations of Professor Kelly and by the willing coöperation of Stage Manager William Richardson. Mr. Kelly explained the different parts of the "picture frame"—the main curtain, teaser, tormentors, fire curtain, borders, and grand drape. The class then went back stage where Mr. Richardson explained in detail the province of every rope, switch and "prop." Several drops were let down to give the members of the class a close view. The different kinds of lights, foot, border, flood, spot, and bunch lamps, were pointed out. The large switch-

board, meaningless at first sight, was thoroughly explained. A visit was made to the "prop room" where everything from a canoe paddle to a modern parlor set was to be found. The glass crash, and thunder sheet, came in for special attention. Mr. Richardson kindly showed how lightning was produced by the border lights. The most surprising revelation of the visit was the fact that the stage is about half as deep and twice as high as most had imagined.

Queries were constantly shot at the instructors: "Aren't those drops too heavy to be let down by hand?" "How much do your acts cost?" "How many men operate the switchboard?" It was explained that the Palace has the most modern equipment of any theater in this part of the country. Every drop is counter-weighted and can easily be let down by a child. The switchboard is operated by only one man, who works with absolute safety as the switches are all controlled by external levers and there is no chance of a shock. The Palace spends about five thousand dollars a bill on its vaudeville alone. Its pictures cost six hundred more. This means a total weekly expenditure of from nine to twelve thousand dollars for acts, besides the orchestra and overhead. The billing sheets of the last few weeks were glanced through. Acts had been sent to many places such as New York, Chicago, Fort Wayne, Cleveland, New Orleans and Toledo. All the big vaudeville houses from New York to Chicago are on Keith's circuit; those from Chicago to San Francisco on the Orpheum circuit. The Palace is an exception. It is owned by the Orpheum Circuit, but plays Keith vaudeville. Evansville and Terra Haute are the only two other houses run in this manner. The same acts which play at the Palace in New York play at the Palace in South Bend.

Father Cavanaugh, C.S.C., ex-President of the University, returned from Cleveland, recently, where he participated in the welcome extended to Archbishop Mooney, Apostolic Delegate to India.

MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL NOTES

The most successful concert of the year was given in Washington Hall, Monday night, March 22. The program was sung by the Chicago Operatic trio, composed of Margery Maxwell, soprano, Virgilio Lazzari, bass, and Forrest Lamont, tenor.

The entire evening was devoted to selections from various operas,—solos, duets and trios. From the opening duet from "Madame Butterfly," sung gorgeously by Miss Maxwell and Mr. Lamont, to the superb Prison Scene from "Faust," sung by the three artists, the numbers were tossed off brilliantly by the singers, and received with enthusiasm by the audience.

Miss Maxwell has a beautiful soprano voice, which has grown tremendously in strength and power in the last few years. She has the personality of the true artist, with just enough naivete to make her seem wholly charming. She was at her best in the "Jewel Song" from "Faust" which she sang delightfully.

Mr. Lazzari has what is possibly the finest voice ever heard in Washington Hall. His tones are sonorous and well in control, whether he is singing softly or with emphasis. He has poise and good reason for having it. He was particularly fine in his duet with Mr. Lamont, taken from "The Force of Destiny."

Mr. Lamont has a ringing, clear tenor voice, with a slight overtone which would have been wholly unnoticeable in a larger hall. His is the typical operatic tenor voice and he displayed it with a taste which was unimpeachable, especially in his aria from "Pagliacci."

The final number, the trio from "Faust" was to our way of thinking, the finest number of the program. Others seemed to think so too, for the singers were called back and forced to repeat the song.

The evening showed one thing conclusively: that Notre Dame can and will welcome enthusiastically great artists who have something to give their audiences.

Another sterling attraction is announced for Washington Hall by the Entertainment

Committee. The George Barrere Little Symphony will appear in concert on May 12. The Barrere organization is probably the finest small orchestra in the world and their programs are always most interesting.

The Glee Club gave a concert for the student body of St. Mary's in St. Angela's Hall on Sunday night, March 14. The regular program was presented before the audience, which was most generous in its applause. Following the concert, refreshments were served.

On Monday night, March 29, the Stephenson's will show motion pictures taken on their recent trip through various parts of the world. The entertainment will be given in Washington Hall at 8 p. m. Following the pictures, any students so wishing can make arrangements for tours of Europe or the Orient.—A.L.M.

LIBRARY VOLUMES MISSING

The following volumes are missing from the Reference Room of the Library: Cambridge History of English Literature, Volume VI; Modern Eloquence, Volumes, VIII, XI and XII; Larned's History of Ready Reference, Volume IV; Baretti's English-Italian Dictionary, Volume II.

The absence of these volumes causes serious inconvenience. Those who have them are requested to return them to the Library immediately.

FATHER CRUMLEY'S BOOK OUT

"Logic, Deductive and Inductive," a textbook for classes in elementary logic, the work of Rev. Thomas Crumley, C.S.C., Professor of Philosophy in the University, has just been published by the Macmillan Company, of New York. Father Crumley, in his introduction, states that he has followed closely the doctrines of Aristotle and the scholastic philosophers. The book is now on the shelves of the Library, and may be obtained there. It is also on sale in the bookstore.

MAIL PLUS

They were in the "caf."

"Lo, Joe! D'ye mind if I sit down beside you?"

"Um," growled the one addressed.

"S'matter, Joe," asked the other, shoving his tray on the table, "Didn't cha get any mail today?"

"Mail?" Joe straightened in his chair and looked fiercely. "That's just the trouble; I got too much mail. And it looks as if I'm going to keep right on getting it."

"Wadda ya mean too much mail? Thought you liked to get your letter or so a day."

"Why you idiot, I do." Joe was plainly getting angry. "But who wants to have a mountain of it to slide down on top of him? Circulars, letters, postcards, packages Aw, what's the use? Go over to my room and take a look if you think it's so funny . . . Some half-wit, and I'm pretty sure I know who it is, has put me on every free mailing list in the country. Must have spent a year and a half cutting out coupons and signing my name and address to them. Here's a couple of samples of the latest batch to arrive. Here, look at this! What interest have I in becoming a fingerprint expert; or taking a summer cruise to the Bahamas; or the new Majestic Underground Garbage Receiver?"

"I tell you, I'm going to get even with someone for this! I don't mind a little joke, but, well, what do you think I got yesterday? A bicycle, thirty days free trial! Don't be laughing like an imbecile! This is serious. Today an artificial arm salesman was out to see me. I know who's at the bottom of this, and I'm going to get him. He'll find out that I don't need any free advice on how to prevent fallen arches."

The other was rolling from his chair. "Who do you think did it?" he managed to gasp.

"Think? I konw who did it. When I get through with him he won't think it's so funny. Here's how it started. A couple of weeks ago I went off to Illinois on a track trip. After my race I was arrested. Found out when I reached the police station, that somebody had phoned long distance, said they were the South Bend police and said I

was wanted and to hold me until one of their officers arrived. I got out of it all right, by phoning the South Bend police."

"I had a pretty good idea who it was then. But I didn't tell him. I knew he was going on a trip with the basketball team the night of the Junior Prom. Huh! I faked his handwriting and wrote to his girl inviting her to the dance. Of course I signed his name. She wrote a letter of acceptance, and he didn't know what it was all about. Too bad she bought a dress for the affair and couldn't go. I didn't figure on that."

"Well, I didn't mind so much when I found that someone had emptied a fire extinguisher on both sides of my mattress one night 'cause it dried the next day. . . . and anyway I distributed some peanut shells and soft fudge under this 'smart-alec's' sheets. But this mail stuff is getting on my nerves. That's carrying it too far. Well, guess I'll be going. Gotta get over to that guy's room and take the light bulbs from it. He's downtown to a movie. Gotta get him good though; that's a tame one. Think maybe I'll send his picture in to be used as a newspaper testimonial for a patent medicine 'ad.' Well—s' long, see ya later."

The listener, with a broad grin on his face watched "Joe" as he stomped off. "Gosh!" he breathed, "that boy is on the war path! Hope he never finds out that I did it. I wonder who that other victim is?"—W.E.CARTER.

DUNNE HAS NEW WORK

Bert V. Dunne, formerly connected with the sports department of the *South Bend News-Times*, has resigned his position on that paper to take up the management of the new Notre Dame Sports Publicity Bureau. The objective of this bureau is to see that only authentic sports news is published concerning the University, and that all are given attention and proper publicity.

No one ever found the stars by looking at the clouds.—J.A.W.

Give a man enough rope and he will smoke himself to death.—F.J.B.

ANOTHER PAUSE

Hang on! There are only five days more! Most of the exams are over and the profs won't work you too hard between now and next Wednesday noon. It is freely admitted that great is the temptation to "let go" until "after Easter." But who will want to work "after Easter?" When you return there will be campus baseball, campus golf and, a little later, swimming. It would be best to do that duty before you go home.

While you are telling some one at home what terrible winters Indiana has and how you hit your pal with a snowball that was intended for someone else, Notre Dame will be taking on new clothes for your return. Most of the trees will don leaves and with a favorable sun, the magnolias in front of the Main Building will blossom forth to welcome you and the first day of the last lap of the year '25-'26. This return will be entirely different from that of Christmas.

While you are attending some dance in the town, or at some other town, the Notre Dame baseball team will be climbing into a Pullman somewhere south of the line established by the Messrs. Mason and Dixon. And while Jim Silver is sitting in a berth telling how a ball almost tore off his thumb, the Glee Club will be entertaining some New England audience. At the same time, other, like yourself, will be attending dances. Some of the dances will be those given by Notre Dame clubs; other dances will be those given by—well, just dances.

A hundred or so will remain on the campus. And each of the hundred will wonder where in the world the other ninety-nine are. The ninety-nine on the campus may not be able to sing or to catch curves but they would willingly expose themselves to the perils of bad singing and ungraceful catching to be away from here. When you are gone, this is the deadest place in the world. The local leftovers would have a dance. But who can get any fun out of the Palais when the rest of the fellows are gone?

But everyone will manage somehow to live through it.

LECTURES ON MEXICO

Professor Charles Phillips of the English Department of the University received a telegram from New York this week requesting him to attend a conference held there with the Mexican Minister of Education for the discussion of the present church situation in Mexico. Although unable to attend on account of illness, Mr. Phillips is this week lecturing in Chicago on the same subject, and on April 11 will again give his Mexican lecture in Cincinnati under the auspices of the alumni of St. Xavier's College.

During his sojourn in Mexico last summer, where he was sent as a special commissioner of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, Mr. Phillips made a thorough study of the grave problems which now confront the church in the southern republic.

BROWNSON LIBRARY GIVEN BOOKS

A complete set of Cardinal Newman's works, the "Life of Newman," by Ward, and several of Bishop Spalding's works on education have recently been added to the Brownson Library in Brownson Hall. The books are the gift of J. H. Heinemann, an alumnus of the University.

During the seventeen years it has been in existence, the Brownson Library has grown rapidly. Started by Brother Alphonsus, C.S.C., rector of Brownson Hall, this library is a collection of the works of distinctively Catholic authors, and aims to keep well abreast of the times in the addition of recent Catholic literature.

The Brownson Library specializes in fiction and biography, and is distinctly useful in research and reference work in connection with Christian Doctrine and English classes. It is for the use of all students of the University, and allows users to keep two or three books for a month at a time. The patronage of the library among Notre Dame men is large, but a large part of this comes from Brownson Hall men. Brother Alphonsus invites and urges residents of other halls and off-campus men to inspect the library and choose books for reading.

OFFICIAL NOTICE

Rev. John O'Hara, C. S. C., Prefect of Religion, announces that the first mass next Sunday, March 28, will be at 6:30 A. M., and the second, at 8:00 A. M. A special mass at 7:45 was previously announced. This arrangement has been changed, and students are instructed to attend either the 6:30 mass, or the solemn mass at 8:00 o'clock. The change in time of the second mass from 8:15 to 8:00 o'clock is for Palm Sunday only.

LITERARY DAY ANNOUNCED

With the objective of stimulating interest in literature and art among the boys and girls of Indiana, Literary Day was instituted at Culver Military Academy in 1925. So successful was this day that its continuance was decided upon, and the officials of the Academy now announce the second annual Literary Day to be held Saturday, May 22, 1926. Five contests with prizes are being held beforehand, the winners to be announced on Literary Day.

Harry McGuire, '25, of Notre Dame, won first prize in the George Ade One-Act Play Contest in 1925; he was the only Notre Dame man to place. The 1926 contests are:

Book Illustration Contest, for most meritorious illustration of a specified text selected for the purpose of the contest. This contest is open to all residents of Indiana under twenty-four years of age who are not professional artists.

One-Act Play Contest, for the best play, capable of production in 25 to 30 minutes and not requiring lowering of curtain.

Short Story Contest, for short stories from 2500 to 5000 words. Open to all undergraduate students of Indiana Colleges. Indiana setting preferred.

Essay Contest, for essays not over 2500 words on any topic or phase of George Rogers Clark and his capture of Vincennes as a determining factor in the history of Indiana. Open to Indiana high school students.

Poetry Contest, for poems on any theme, not over thirty lines. Open to students of all Indiana high schools and undergraduate students of all Indiana colleges.

The Culver Academy Literary Day is arousing wide-spread interest, and is sponsored by such men as Meredith Nicholson, George Ade, Kin Hubbard, and other Indiana literary and artistic lights. Further information can be obtained from any one of the editors of the SCHOLASTIC.

JUGGLER GOES INTO BUSINESS

The Big Business number of the *Juggler* arrived on the campus last Tuesday night to interrupt the student body in its pursuit of the w. k. examinations. This was the *Juggler's* sixth visit of the year, and it conclusively proves that the Funny Fellow can be punctual as well as humorous.

The art work of Larry Culney and Charles Campbell is one of the outstanding features of the issue. These two men work in perfect harmony with the veteran McElroy, whose striking cover adds new laurels to his well filled collection.

The Funny Fellow promises two more visits before June. These are to be the Girl's Number and the Commencement Number and will bring the grand total up to eight, a standard never before attained.

GIVE PASSION PLAY

"The Upper Room," a drama of the Passion of Christ, written by Robert Hugh Benson, was presented by the Freshman Public Speaking class of St. Mary's College in St. Angela's Hall last Sunday evening. A group of Notre Dame men witnessed the performance.

Mishawaka was accorded an opportunity to see the play presented Saturday evening, when the cast acted there. More than one hundred girls took part in the play, which was in three acts and two tableaux.

Jim Crowley, the "Sleepy Jim" of the famous Four Horsemen, the backfield of the National Championship football team of 1924, visited the campus recently and added much to the success of the 1926 Monogram Club Absurdities by presenting special acts at the Friday and Saturday evening productions.

THE COLLEGE PARADE

"They have not heard of enforced attendance. Quizzing and threats of expulsion are beyond the pale of consideration. Prerequisites would be their idea of perfect absurdity." So writes Frederick H. Lumley from the University of Munich, Germany, where he is studying on one of the nine scholarships from the American Council of Education. Lumley formerly attended Ohio State University. "When a student comes to a German school to take chemistry, he takes only chemistry and the allied sciences. Economics or political science would be only an avocation and would not count toward a degree. And the degree is measured by knowledge and not by the number of credit hours. The professors are aristocrats. When one enters a room the students stamp their feet in wild jubilation," he continued. After a student is once enrolled he receives an identification tag that he must have with him at all times, so that his correct name can be ascertained in case of arrest.

Commenting on the appointment of Tom Lieb as first assistant football coach, the *Wisconsin Cardinal* says, "Lieb comes to Wisconsin as a full time coach and adds to the department one of the finest young coaches in America. His three years at Notre Dame have been a series of plugging and hard work. While coaching and as first assistant, he attended school and made his master's degree. At the same time he taught classes in the agricultural school. Rockne in a statement about Lieb said, 'He is one of the most loyal, efficient, and hardworking types of young men in the game today. I would like very much to keep him at Notre Dame but the position offered to him at Wisconsin has greater possibilities and although we cannot replace him for a couple of years at least, we will not stand in the way of his advancement.' Surely a fine tribute from a master coach such as Knute Rockne."

If classroom learning is not satisfying why not meet with a select group of congenial and interested friends and discuss in-

formally the things that concern you most? Ten girls at Mills College (Calif.) are experimenting with a plan of self-education. During the past five weeks they have been meeting without faculty supervision, without credit, without exams, without everything but a few self-imposed rules. The group meets twice a month and discusses for an hour under the guidance of two of its members. Comparative Literature is the subject. All the girls are expected to do outside reading for a background but no definite list of books is prescribed. Advice of interested professors was sought in getting the group under way, but the course is mainly the result of undergraduate initiative.

University alumni who have had a few year's experience in business and professional life possess more "social intelligence" than university students. This logical conclusion seems to be substantiated by a test given to alumni by Dr. F. A. Moss, professor of psychology at George Washington University. Last fall, Professor Moss devised a "social intelligence" test designed to ascertain one's general amount of social knowledge and ability to mix with others. The test was given to students of George Washington University and it was reported that Freshmen made a general average of ninety points out of a possible 160 and that Sophomores, Juniors, and Seniors averaged 110. One of the graduates tested made a score of 145, the highest that has been recorded in any of the tests. The former high grade, 138, was made by the son of a United States senator.

But all is not darkness. Some colleges are building up instead of tearing down. Witness the statements of Mr. Fred Norcross, President of the Greeley, Colorado, Chamber of Commerce. "Every business man in this town ought to get out and root for all he's worth for Teacher's College teams. The college is a town's greatest asset; it has done more to put business on a sound, stable basis in Greeley than any other factor." And that, we think, is that! South Bend has learned this lesson of life.—J.T.C.



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**Disce Quasi Semper Victor
Vive Quasi Cras Moriturus**

EASTER

The time to cast aside the sackcloth and to dust off the ashes of the penitential season is at hand. What are we to do about it?

That question should be pertinent to every college man. Escape from it it is impossible. He should turn to Nature and to Nature's God for his answer.

For in Nature we have, as usual, a parallel to our own case. It is the end of Nature's season of penance, too. The birds are flying North, the grass is showing tenderly green, the buds are timidly emerging, the sap is flowing in the trees. The iron-bound rigidity of Winter is past. Gentle rain takes the place of swirling snow. Glorious sunshine instead of frosty brilliance floods the land. Nature is awakening; the vital upward urge is re-emplanted in her children; all things are striving for expression.

That is Nature's Easter. But Nature's God provides us with a better one. What can be more truly symbolic of the spirit of the time than the Resurrection, "in a burst of dazzling light," after the dark and gloomy days which preceeded? With Christ's resurrection came a renewal of faith, a dissipation of harassing doubt, a calmness and steadiness of purpose. Rejoicing there was, but it was gladness for the allaying of fear,

for the birth of a new life, and not for the passing of an irksome period.

The lesson, we think, is plain enough for all to read. Discard the sackcloth and ashes, but discard them for raiment as purposeful. Get in tune with Nature, with the freshness, the revitalized energy of things that are joyously reaching toward heaven. But above all get in tune with God.

WELCOME TO SPRING

We like to think of Spring as a season when the trees push forth timid emerald buds while around their roots one sees the delicate purple of shy pansies and violets. The music of robins and chickadees and chaffinches assails the ear in riotous melody. Beautiful maidens in Grecian costume revel o'er the greensward and Editor Denny O'Neill installs two new boxes at the Notre Dame post office to accommodate the Shelleyan effusions that flow into *Pan*.

But in this dull age of realism such dreams will fool no one. We, therefore, feel much safer in laying 5 to 1 odds that it will snow Sunday. We know full well that it will rain at least three days during the coming week. It is almost metaphysically certain that 10,000 maledictions will be laid on the weather between March 27 and March 31.

But it is Spring. All hail!

Enter Easter!

L. R. MCINTYRE, '28

OF ALL the seasons in the year, Spring is the most welcome. It is in the Spring when soft, hazy clouds promenade on the azure sky-avenue; when the birds are chirping; when the grass starts, yawns, and emerges from its long winter sleep; when the trees and flowers begin to purchase raiment at nature's department store. The flowers, the new green grass, the twittering birds, and the renewed vigor of the trees, it is true, are all very beautiful to behold. But what is the real significance of these presagers of Spring? Their real significance lies in the fact that they are the advance agents of Easter. They are the stage hands, the men behind the scenes, who dress up the stage for the debut of the main actor; they are, in fact, the heralds who clarion in shrill tones the approach of Easter.

When the harbingers of Spring are viewed through our windows we know with certitude that Easter is softly rapping at our doors.

Enter Easter! Enter into our hearts! Stroke them with that magic paint-brush of yours that both cleans and covers; the paint that oozes from its pliant bristles colors highly, tones down: it radiates the exterior and penetrates the interior of our hearts like nitric acid through muslin cloth to inundate them with love, tender love. The magic paint-brush sketches with the skill of an Angelo, flowers, — tall, willowy, multi-colored, that encompass our hearts; they waft to the nostrils of the heart enthralling, blissful odors of the breath of God.

Enter Easter! Enter into our minds! Batter down the gates of grouchiness and despair with your reverent, exhilarating music of newborn life and newborn joy. Strew the hardworn streets of our minds with the clean fresh palms of inspiration. Dust out of our brain-houses the cobwebs,—permitted to accumulate and to disfigure during the drab, confining winter,—so that God's omnipotence may occupy without disgust every nook and

cranny.

Enter Easter! Enter into the world, our world! Flash upon the screen of life the picture of the struggle triumphant of Him who died and, toppling over the great boulders that held Him a prisoner,—a perpetual one thought the wiseacres of Jerusalem,—rose again from the dead. Easter, you are the telegram He sends us once a year to cheer us, to strengthen us in our combat with the potent forces of life. Easter, you are the annual portent from Him who says that like the proverbial Phoenix, we shall, in the hereafter, rise again from the ashes of our earthly bodies. Enter Easter! Fill our world with celestial happiness, though it be only for a day! Give us the golden sunshine,—an inherent part of every Easter, — that melts gloom, from a gigantic glacier, to an infinitesimal drop of water in the mighty ocean. Give us temporary repose from the constant din of this workaday world; the kind of repose that one enjoys while ensconced in a gondola listening to the soft swish, swish of the paddles as they lazily rise and fall, and the gentle ripples of the water as the boat glides through it. Tiptoe, Easter, into the sordid tenements of the cities; feed the starved inmates of these tenements with the life-prolonging foods,—faith and hope. Steal past the liveried footmen of cold mansions; pierce the mansion owners' hearts of adamant with the poniard of charity. Ascend in hotel elevators; place under the door of each room of every floor the solution to the secret of how to remain interested in life. Finally, flash your effulgent rays of faith through the windows of hospitals and physical and mental sanitariums.

Enter Easter! Enter into our university curricula! Pass your wand of rejuvenation over strained eyes, dulled brains, numbed fingers, threadbare trousers. And let your representative, the Easter Bunny, present many things to the nostalgic, perturbed chaser of culture besides the dismissal slip!

The Silent Warning

JOSEPH B. SHANLEY, '29

“DO YOU suppose that you and Tony can work Sunday, Tom? We want to clear our Novick’s room in the fourth west so that we can run the pumps in there and take care of the water he struck. It’s a bad hole but we will pay you for fifty cars apiece no matter how many you get out.”

“I don’t know, Charlie. I hate to work in that hole but I need the money right now; my wife has been sick and I think Tony would like a little overtime this next pay himself. I’ll see what he has to say and if he wants to work, why I’ll stay too. Will the motors run?”

“No, but the pump crew will be on and the track boss is going to repair seventh west.”

Tom Prescott went back to the place where his partner, Tony Cavacci, was putting powder into his fifth hole for the next shot. He waited until Tony had attached the fuse and then he asked.

“Hey, Tony, wanta make a little extra this pay? The boss just stopped me and wanted to know if we would work Novick’s room Sunday. Fifty cars apiece if we do.”

“Sure, I’ll work, but we won’t be able to get out over thirty ton with all that water to put out the fuse and wet the powder.”

“Yes, but there is only eight inches in there now and the room is five foot high so it won’t be so bad and I want those fifty cars.”

Sunday morning at six o’clock, Tom met Tony in the mine office and after they had rang in, they started for Novick’s room and the fifty cars.

“Dominic had some dance last night, didn’t he, Tony? I hear the gang was pretty well stewed. Were you with them?”

“I was there for an hour or so but I went home early to get some sleep for today. The bunch left about four o’clock.”

“This is a terrible hole. I don’t see how Novick stands it in here. When he first started, the roof was only four feet high and

it was half full of water, but he sure is a glutton for punishment. How much powder did you get, Tony?”

“Four boxes, enough to last till noon.”

“I hope we don’t strike another water line or we will be swamped. The super had twenty cars sent up, that ought to keep us busy for awhile.”

Tony was drilling into the sides of the chamber to get a hole for the powder. Tom was loading the loose rock, lying around the floor, into a car. The room they were working in was about twenty feet long and fifteen wide. The floor was covered with four or five inches of water. The glare of their carbide lights caused grotesque figures to form on the wall as they moved about. The silence was interrupted by the sound of water dripping from the roof. Occasionally, a mine rat, as large as a small cat, would scamper across the room and try to get in their dinner buckets.

A match flared, Tony lighted a cigarette, then resumed his tamping as he finished the sixth hole.

“The drilling is good in here, Tom, the rock is soft and it’s easy to get a hole. Two more and we’ll blow ’em.”

“Take your time, we’re not on piece work now, you know. There’s no use killing yourself.”

“Let’s prop up the left side over there, Tom. I’m afraid it will fall in when we blast. It’s sagging a lot now.”

“Where does Novick keep the props? I hope I don’t have to go back to the foot for one. I found one, Tony.”

A half hour later and Tony had finished his tenth hole and was ready to blast. He told Tom to get behind a pillar and then he removed his carbide lamp from his hat and, moving rapidly from one hole to another, he ignited the fuses, then hurried to shelter.

A few seconds later and, boom! the dull sound of powder exploding was heard throughout the room. Smoke filled the room until it was choking the two men working

there; but the mine fans soon caused the smoke to drift away. When it had cleared, the miners stepped from behind their shelter and viewed the result.

"That was a good bunch you drilled that time. Tony. There must be about five ton loose."

"Yea, we'll soon have this place big enough to put the whole pump in. It's only eight o'clock now."

They steadily shoveled the broken rock into nearby cars and having loaded three went back to eat some lunch. When they had finished eating and had rested a few minutes, they returned to work. Tony was in the far end of the room, drilling; Tom was near the track shoveling, when he noticed a dead mine rat.

"Hey, Tony, here is a dead rat; you don't suppose you hit a gas pocket, do you?"

"Naw, I can't smell anything; probably drowned or starved to death."

Tom presently left for some more props at the foot and when he returned he noticed Tony lying near his drill. As he ran up to see what the trouble was, he smelled an odor, familiar to him, that of escaping gas, the terror of all miners.

He stopped down to try to revive Tony but it was impossible. He attempted to pick him

up but as he lifted, his head felt as though it would burst, and he had a queer choking sensation in his throat. He realized that it was impossible for him to carry Tony out, because he was rapidly losing his strength; but he struck doggedly at the task, knowing that at any minute he might lose consciousness himself and all chance for aid would be shattered. He fought to retain consciousness, but finally fell over, overcome by the fumes.

"Where am I?" Tom asked as he regained consciousness. He was in a white bed and several white-costumed figures were standing around him. One of them stepped forward.

"You are in the General Hospital, and in a few days you will be all right again. Now drink this medicine and go back to sleep."

"How did I get out of the room? Where is Tony?"

"Some of the men repairing the track nearby smelled the gas and knowing you were working up there, got the gas masks and found you right where you had fallen. They found Tony there too. His lungs are badly burned but he will come around all right. If you had been left five minutes more, you would have both died."

THE SPLENDOR OF THAT DAY

Down athwart the chasm of the tomb
Lay the softened fingers of a cross;
Lilies lay across the lawn in bloom;
Fresh from out the ancient bosomed moss.
Soldiers played at dice against the dawn,
Cursing softly in that hallowed place—
When an angel moved across the lawn
Softly moved the stone and mused a space.

When a glory shone from out the tomb
Like to fires burning in the gloom
Cutting through the softness of the night
Softly in its rush of golden light,
Smiling from the tomb He went His way.
Glorious was the splendor of that day.

—CORNELIUS SHEA, '28

On Growing Up

BERNARD GARBER, '28

THE story of "Jack and the Beanstalk" meant only one thing to me when I was little, or more precisely, young; and that was, "Be a bean-stalk." When four years old I longed to be eight feet tall; and I have clung to that ambition, in some vague form, all my life. By applying a little psycho-analysis, I have discovered that, at some forgotten point in my childhood I failed to see a circus parade on account of the crowd that towered above me; and that failure has left a deep wound in my subconscious mind. Now to correct this condition—or is it a complex?—I need only to see a circus parade without peeking under the elbows of some vociferous woman who has three children and a dog to hold back from "them turrible monsteers." But I am doomed, doubtless, to remain a neurasthenic, for what Zaccheus ever saw a circus parade under any other conditions?

I was hopeful—children are always hopeful or they would not pull off the legs of flies and then try to stick them back on again—and since nature seemed slower in increasing my stature than college professors are in raising grades, I turned to mechanics for aid. I brought down from the attic an old "cobwebby" carpet-stretcher, an instrument surviving the carpet-bagger period; I sprawled out on the floor and the machine was attached to my feet by my little sister. The stretcher gripped the floor and the lever was pulled. But I wouldn't stretch! My head should have been fastened to the floor, but the tacks were not long enough.

After I had entered that century-long period of life known as grammar-school days, I felt that I was at last becoming a figure of some importance. While in the fourth grade, I proudly announced to the Sister one morning that my family was moving and

that I would be needed that afternoon to help with the work. "Really?" she replied. "Well don't drop the sugar-bowl." I was insulted; my task was most important—it was to lead our dog to the new home; and I did lead him there, although he and I detoured fifteen or twenty blocks, chased two cats, investigated all the alleys, tore my coat, and scratched my face.

When I entered high school I determined that my life would have no more such incidents, for I was surely grown-up. But the first week left me a little doubtful; our doctor, who had vaccinated me a few weeks previously, sent a certificate to the high school with my age stated as seven years—I was immediately "the seven-year-old freshman." In my senior year I became editor of the school paper—to me, an immense leap forward—yet I became known to the faculty as the V. P. E., or vest pocket editor. The climax came at graduation time. I was called upon at our banquet for a short talk, gave it, and received fine applause. Later I overheard a girl say: "Wasn't that the cutest thing you ever heard? He looked just like a little man." To give me a life-long souvenir one teacher wrote in my year-book: "How do you get that way—ninety-eight pounds with your overcoat on?"

Now I am a college "man." Last September, when making out my schedule, I asked for all morning classes, saying that I wished to get a job for the afternoons, and I received a spontaneous "haw-haw!" Jovial friends at home ask what position I play on the Notre Dame football team; and when I enter pool-rooms, the house-men look at me with suspicion, some even muttering, "No kids allowed!"

"Be a bean-stalk!" In my case the stalk shows little or no promise, and sometimes I doubt the "bean."

Rewards of Vengeance

VICTOR L. ZIMMERMAN, '28

A BANANA plantation in Central or South America is a scene that every visitor to these parts makes it a point to see. Some offer merely a dirty, disorderly group of frail native huts, a sight very repulsive to a person reared in a modern city with its cleanliness and conveniences. Others are neat, clean, and colorful and have an attraction peculiar to themselves. A background of beautiful tropical jungle makes them especially alluring.

Such was the plantation of a great American fruit company near a small coastal town in Honduras. The only thing to disturb the peacefulness of the scene was a man of massive build, his face and hair unkempt, his once white pants and shirt a dirty brown, who stood swearing and cursing a group of sullen but resigned natives. One could not help but pity them.

"He's the manager of the farm," the guide answered the inquiry of one of a party of tourists. "He's been here almost three months now and there's gonna be trouble with the natives if he stays much longer." The guide seemed interested and continued:

"He was third mate on a tramp and worked hard to get promoted to captain, but somehow the company couldn't see it; thought him too hard and hot-headed for the job. So Reed quit the sea and got this job. He can't stand the natives and anyhow his place ain't on land. Some spick 'll knife him soon, but he seems to have 'em pretty well scared now."

That night the party were guests of the manager. They found him crude and rough, but hospitable. The farm was so far inland that few tourists undertook the difficult journey necessary to reach it, and Reed was glad of their company. He told them of many wild and interesting adventures he had had during his years at sea, and how he lived here with the dissatisfied natives, alone, save when Jenssen, his guide, spent a week or so with him.

The next morning another guide started out with the party, and Jenssen remained with Reed. They left him in a happy mood.

"It sure is good to talk to men again," he thought after they had left, "I believe I could enjoy life if I had a few good friends out here with me—"

His musing was interrupted by a dull boom. He started—all attention. The sound was repeated several times in quick succession.

"Those natives fightin' each other again. They can't never agree; no government 'll suit 'em all."

While Reed sat there comfortably smoking a black cigar, little did he suspect that gathered in a little hut, not a quarter of a mile from him, five big natives were gibbering in their own tongue. Their talk was centered upon him—he was the object of their hate! But why shouldn't he be? Had he not once whipped them in a fit of anger? Did he not kick and curse them every day? Yes, their life was becoming unbearable; something had to be done and now their chance had come.

General Custado with his army of rebels was within ten miles of the farm. The federals were retreating—surely he would be glad to rid them of this master, especially as there was plunder to be had. A trainload of fruit had left the farm the day before so there would be no train from the coast for at least five days. Reed and Jenssen would be the only white men in the vicinity. They did not fear the guide or wish him harm, but he should not stand in their way. They reasoned thus, and correctly.

"So," concluded Zobo, the giant native. "tomorrow I myself will go to him and speak to him. He will come. You keep Reed in the camp and in two more days we will be rid of him, then if they punish us we join Custado. Tomorrow night I will return with soldiers."

The next morning Reed set out to make

the rounds of the farm. As he left the house he was accosted by half a dozen natives, their evil-looking machetes in hand and a deadly light in their eyes. There was no mistaking their intention.

To say that Reed was surprised would be putting it mildly. But he was calm. His hand went to his belt and produced his automatic. He was safe for the moment at least for he knew they had no firearms and for this reason he could keep them at a safe distance. He cursed them and ordered them to their work, but they refused and started toward him. He fired, and as the foremost native fell, the others withdrew to a safe distance.

Reed had made a fatal mistake, and he knew it. He stood there for a moment cursing himself silently, and then returned to the house.

"Jenssen," he called as he entered.

"Comin'."

A few minutes later Jenssen appeared, on his face a question.

"I'm afraid I'm in for a little excitement," Reed explained, "I just killed one of them good-for-nothing Indians. They're sure gonna try an' get me now—it's written all over their maps. But I'm safe here for awhile."

"Well you kin hardly blame 'em, Reed, you brought it on yourself and—"

"What's that got to do with it now, eh? Tell you what, they probably won't pay much attention to you; go down to the first switch and get that motor-car, it's on the track and the only one here. When you get to T——, tell 'em to send a plane here for me. I'll be waitin' at the field. It should get here about 10 o'clock tonight. Now get goin'."

Jenssen went. Somehow he liked Reed and hated to see the natives get him. He knew that it would be futile for Reed to try to reach the car—they would cut him down if he dared attempt it.

Jenssen left through a rear door. Half a dozen natives were watching him. When he spoke to them he got only sullen answers. He watched his chance, slipped unobserved into the jungle and picked his way through it with difficulty. Finally he came upon the

path for which he was searching—followed it for some distance and emerged on the track some quarter of a mile from the farm. There he found the car, started it and was off. As he sped along the seemingly endless track he had little hope of ever seeing his friend again, alive.

Red locked all the doors and windows, procured another revolver, and settled himself in a comfortable chair to await nightfall. The hours dragged. Never had an afternoon seemed so long. He was unafraid but nevertheless his mind didn't stray very far from the present situation. As he sat there the thought suddenly struck him: "Zobo," he thought, "that big lazy good-for-nothing, must have put them up to this!"

The more he considered it, the more convinced he became of it. Yes, Zobo had many grievances against him and undoubtedly hated him. Yes, it was he who had aroused them to make this attempt upon his life.

"That Zobo," he said aloud, "I'll get him for this if it's the last thing I ever do."

It was dark. Reed was growing restless.

"What 're they waitin' fer? I'll show them yellor worms—"

He stopped short and listened. He had heard the sound for which he had been waiting. It was very faint but he was thankful for that—the natives wouldn't notice it (he hoped) until it was too late.

He went into an adjoining room and threw in the switch controlling the four small lights that marked the landing field. (They could not be noticed from the ground.)

The moon had risen and cast a faint silvery light over the jungle. He slid out of a side window and crept away from the house—he knew the exact location of the field and headed straight for it.

He had not gone fifty yards when his eye caught the gleam of a machete behind a bush. A quick shot was followed by a howl of pain. The knife fell to the ground.

As Reed ran along the path he heard the shouts of excited natives. He knew that they had not only heard the shot but also the roar of the plane, now circling for a landing. At last the natives sensed his plan and started out in pursuit.

The plane had already landed when he arrived at the field. The pilot, hearing the yells of the natives, had grasped the situation and was ready to start as soon as Reed reached the plane.

"Close enough," he shouted to Reed who was still puffing considerably from his long run.

The soldiers arrived about 15 minutes later. Zobo could not control himself — he raved about the camp for hours — when told of Reed's escape. To the soldiers, however, it made little difference, so long as they got enough plunder to repay them for their long march.

The next morning Reed left the town. He

obtained a position aboard a steamer and sailed—determined to return in a year or so, when he would have been forgotten, and even up the score with Zobo.

Two years he lived for the moment of his revenge. Finally his ship touched at New Orleans and then headed for Honduras. His time was almost at hand. The thought half crazed him—but lo! the pleasure was one he was never to experience.

Three days out the ship was caught in a violent tropical storm. A mighty wave engulfed Reed and carried him into the sea. He had not been satisfied to escape with his life. . . . He wanted vengeance. . . . He had wanted too much!

The Collegiate Convention

JOHN GIBBONS, '26

SHOULD we of the twentieth century scorn the poor Victorians enmeshed in conventions?

Let us consider the not altogether imaginary case of John and Thomas who entered a Western university in the year our Lord 1924. Thomas was slightly more literate than the run of college freshmen. He had read enough books to know that Aristophanes was not a Roman general nor Havelock Ellis a British premier. Withal he was an affable youth who took pains not to display his learning too ostentatiously. Reading of modern magazines and novels had convinced him that, since conventions had been buried with Queen Victoria, man was free to dress, talk, and conduct himself pretty much as he pleased as long as he kept within the bonds of common decency. The lad, being gullible, acted accordingly. He was, therefore, at a loss to explain the guffaws that greeted him when he mentioned Bagehot in a casual conversation at his boarding house. When he once accomplished a *mot* that Whistler would have been proud of, the response which

greeted him was, "Don't try to high hat us."

For all John knew to the contrary a convention was a place where the Democratic party assembled for its quadrennial riot. But John did have sense enough to buy himself a pair of trousers, cuffs 20 inches, three loud neckties, and a year's subscription to *College Humor*. He missed never a bill at the local vaudeville house and diligently incorporated every "gag" into his own conversation. An unusually retentive memory for stale vaudeville jokes soon brought him the reputation of being witty.

John in due time became so much like two thousand other "Joe Colleges" that you could have sworn they were brothers, or at least cousins. And his popularity was a matter of envy for the entire freshman class. Thomas, although he used Listerine twice a day, became almost a pariah. And the insidious thing about it was that not even his dearest friends would tell him that he had broken the most rigid of all social codes—the collegiate convention.

Peter, The Cat

ROBERT CAPESIUS, '28.

PEOPLE have often heard of "The Lost Chord," but probably very seldom of "The Lost Cat," because cats generally are disliked, especially by men. Yet this article treats solely of a cat that was lost once upon a time and found again, under unusual circumstances. He is an extraordinary cat with an above-average cat intelligence. To comprehend the value of this animal we have to know of his life-history and of the part it played in what made him famous.

The cat of which we speak was born, let's say about two years ago, at a well-known girl's school under a desk in the employment office. His residence at the time was a rather large wastebasket which contained a copy of the school magazine and the comic section of the world's greatest newspaper. If we adopt the theory of sociologists and maintain that environment influences the character of an offspring, that cat certainly will hold his own in life. He grew in beauty as in age or vice-versa and was christened "Peter." He, "Peter," also grew up to be smart. As soon as his mother had taught him how to keep his equilibrium at moderate speed, he left the employment office and went to the near Novitiate where his presence was tolerated for about six months. If you want to know of kindness and caressing, ask Peter, for he knows. On festive occasions he would appear, his long hair brushed and brilliant with the school colors adorning his neck. He even wore the Blue and Gold of the University close by on the day of the Homecoming game. On St. Patrick's Day he commemorated the Saint, by wearing a large ribbon or green, much to the chagrin of the alien tramp cats around the place. Whether the easy life was growing dull and tasteless or whether he detested living in company with some hundred women, we know not, but Peter left the house that had welcomed him and went to the barn for a crack at a mouse. Success must not have been his for he appeared for his semi-daily dish of fresh milk

in the dairy. Honors however must be given to Peter for he used to let a dainty lady-cat obtain her food before he'd attend to the first law of nature. Thus life went on merrily until—

It was a few days before a basketball game at the University when suddenly Peter, the cat, was missed. Anxious faces were searching and inquiring. Rumors were going about that the cat had been stolen. Some one had seen two university students drive up in a Pierce-Arrow. They had stopped and had begun to pet the beautiful angora which had come their way. It was only presumption that Peter, like most girls do, had fallen for the immaculate white knickers and the golf sweaters of the two students. Perhaps it had been the honeyed words of the college men that had attracted the cat, perhaps just mere curiosity. As it was, the cat had his-appeared and those dear to the animal began taking fingerprints and employing private detectives. They even went as far as thinking of giving a reward—a sum of money—mind you, but merely thinking.

Not that it is crime to steal a cat; it's sometimes a favor; but in this particular case college boys who would stoop that low and kidnap such an animal from a peaceful community, were considered the basest members of society.

One week had passed and with it particular events—a basketball game at the University and an initiation of the new members of the Monogram Club. Peter, the Cat, returned—came home to his friends. Tired, sleepy and nervous was what was left of the cat. Collegiate diet certainly does not agree with the lower animals as was seen on the cat that played a part in inter-institutional and "monogramatic" activities. A cat's memory may be as limited as that of a chemistry student but try to catch the beautiful angora if you are wearing knickers and a monogram sweater. As unpleasant memories always remain so in this case Peter, the cat, has his "Idea of a University."

SPORT NEWS

The Scholastic All-Campus Teams

Forward.....	McGary (Day)	Hamilton (Walsh)	Vaughan (Carroll)
Forward.....	Nolan (Sorin)	Bov (Soph)	Bresnahan (Brownson)
Center.....	Andrews (Badin)	Smith (Freshman)	Fredericks (Soph)
Guard.....	McKinney (Soph)	Kirwan (Badin)	Boland (Corby)
Guard.....	Bucholz (Howard)	Plummer (Brownson)	Herbert (Day)

Honorable mention:—

Edwards (Sorin)
Crowe (Brownson)
Van Wazer (Freshman)
Veezie (Brownson)

Crowley (Sorin)
Griffin (Badin)
F. Crowley (Sorin)
Wozniak (Day)
Gish (Badin)

It's all very well to be able to philosophize that the intermural games were brighter and better than ever this year—until someone gets the job of selecting the mythical all-campus selections. No one can complain that there is a dearth of material from which to make the pickings; in fact, the converse is quite emphatically the truth.

Scintillating floor play, iron-clad defense, classy coördination marked the weekly performance of the various hall knights in their sallies onto the slippery surface. There were forwards who specialized in long shots, and those who made under-the-basket additions seem ridiculously easy. There were centers, — long angling centers, short stubby centers — and guards, of all sizes and shapes, that covered the floor like water covers the campus and made the leather bouncing off the backboards as safe as a government bond. There was, over all, a zip and dash that makes the picking of an honor team a ticklish operation.

When everything is taken into consideration, however, we come across a few who stand a little higher than the usual run. The galaxy of flashy performers makes the honor of being selected on any of the quintets a great one and at the same time forces us

to pass up many a promising bit of cage material without mention.

In the old days of the dirt floor play an interhall player rated with stunt flyers and saxophone players as insurance risks, but the use of the new floor did away with a great deal of this and the resultant playing was truly the best enjoyed here in many a year. Interest in the hall fives was keen and they enjoyed some of the response of popularity that followed in the wake of the Western Champions.

In picking these teams no attempt was made to pass the plums around the table. The positions were given to those who seemed to be the most constant and efficient men in the league and the fact that they were from this or that hall was a secondary matter.

There is bound to be some sort of difference of opinion in regard to these selections. That is merely the aftermath of a great season, and connotes a real interest in the inter-mural games. Coaches, players, rectors, and fans have been interviewed on the matter. A thousand and one considerations have entered into the task. The hall quintets have been given over to close scrutiny in an effort to ferret out the best ma-

terial.

It will be noticed that the first team is an aggressive, well balanced machine. It should be a scoring combination. Beyond a doubt, McGary and Nolan were the premier forwards of the season. Andrews comes into the center post by virtue of his stellar work.

He was the main spring in the championship play at all times and stands well to the fore in the pivot post. The guards, McKinney and Bucholz are everything that could be asked of a pair of offense smotherers and have the ability to urge the leather through the iron doughnut on their own account with startling regularity.

In many respects the second team is almost as good as the first. Not because they were not good; but rather that the others were just a bit better is true of this assortment of basketeters. At the forward berth we have two promising satellites in the persons of Hamilton and Bov. The former is a great shot and was the leading scorer in the interhall league this season. We have taken the privilege of moving Smith of Freshman to the tip-off post because his play throughout the year warrants his selection on the second team and because he could fill this position as effectively as that of forward. Smith was the one bright spot in the frosh lineup. In regard to Smith we'd like to say: Just watch him. Kirwan and Plummer are the choice guards and present a formidable appearance. Both are good performers and round out the team in fine shape. A game between this and the first combine would be a mighty tight affair and well worth walking a mile to see even if there weren't any Camels at the other end.

The caliber of players in interhall play this year was a bit above par. Interest in every game was keen and the games were worth watching. To differentiate between the merits of the players has been a hard task. But here they are, folks. The fifteen greatest!

A hundred-dollar bill is like a rare vase: break it and it is gone.—W.C.D.

The highroad to success is not paved; so be prepared for a puncture.—W.J.M.

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OUTDOOR TRACK IN OFFING

A pretentious outdoor track campaign which will not be concluded until the early weeks of June will be undertaken by the Irish cinder knights starting this afternoon.

The first outdoor appearance of the 1926 season is due to be made this afternoon in Houston, Texas, when the crack two-mile relay team enters a stiff field of competition at the annual Texas Relays. Tomorrow the same team will run the two-mile event in the Rice Relays which are to be held at Austin, Texas.

The Notre Dame two-mile team left early Wednesday for the Texas event. Frank Masterson, Scrap Young, Doc Dolmage and Joe Nulty will carry the Irish colors. After running at Houston this afternoon they are to make the jump to Austin for Saturday's test. The Irish distance men are rated a good chance to cop the two-mile at both carnivals.

This week's program is only the first of a stiff schedule which will be undertaken on spring track carnivals, dual and triangular meets and collegiate championships.

On April 17 the Kansas and Ohio Relays will hold the limelight and the Irish will have representatives at both meets where they will meet the cream of eastern and western track teams. Coach Rockne will divide his entries in the April 17 meets, sending balanced teams to both Lawrence and Columbus for the events.

A week later the celebrated Penn Relays are to be held at Franklin Field in Philadelphia and the Drake Relays will hold the ground at Des Moines. These relays have attracted such crack entry lists in the past few years that they are now recognized as the leaders in spring relay events.

Although no definite placing of Irish tracksters has been yet made it is probable that Captain Paul Harrington, holder of the world's intercollegiate indoor vaulting title, will compete at the Ohio and Pennsylvania events.

Last year Harrington tied with Norton of Georgetown for the Ohio Relays vaulting honors at 12 feet six inches and a week later he copped the Pennsylvania blue rib-

bon from an able field. His brilliant showing indoors leads track critics to predict that Harrington's work in the spring relay meets will eclipse many existing records for the event.

The one mile relay team composed of Jim Stack, Bernie Coughlin, Chet McDonald and Red Lahey will probably run at several of the relays as will the two mile and medley relay squads. Feature events will also find Irish athletes trying for honors.

Definite announcement of the outdoor schedule has not been made although it is assured that Ohio Wesleyan and Illinois will oppose the Irish on Cartier Field in the 1926 opener, May 1. A week later the fleet Iowa scant-clad squad will be at Cartier field. Iowa won the Big Ten indoor championship and has a team that may threaten national honors. A meet with Michigan State and the annual Indiana State Meet are also on the bill although dates have not been set.

Outdoor practice has been delayed pending arrival of decent weather conditions but Coach Rockne will have his squad out for hard work as soon as possible.

SPRING FOOTBALL UNDER WAY

When the first robin club gets in its deadly work, when the campus becomes a fit subject for the consideration of the Committee on Canals and Drainage, it's usually assumed that Spring is just in the offing; but when the call "All Up!" rings out and the formal gardens in front of Sophomore and Freshman get their annual massage of cleats, it's a sure sign that Spring has really arrived at Notre Dame.

For the past few days the football aspirants have been plowing up the turf to the north of the Gym in the opening heat of the annual spring practice in which places have been made and lost in the past. The Notre Dame system stresses the early period workout to a greater extent than in most places. Learning the fundamentals in the six-week spring session so that the fall practices can be spent in perfecting the machine, has been a potent factor in the building of the co-ordinated attack that has become famous from coast to coast as characteristically Notre Dame's.



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BALL TOSSERS OFF TO DIXIE

Next Tuesday, Coaches Walsh and Keogan will take their squad of diamond pas-timers to southern climes. The first stop on the road to Dixie will be made at Bowling Green, Kentucky, where Notre Dame meets Western Kentucky Normal, April 1. No doubt Notre Dame will use its best bet in the opening game in the pitcher's box, and if the Normal boys are looking for an easy victory they are due for a real April fooling.

Friday and Saturday Georgia Tech will

oppose the squad at Atlanta; then a two-game series with Georgia University at Athens, on Monday and Tuesday. At Macon, Mercer will furnish the opposition on the two succeeding days. The Army will be met at Fort Benning, in the final two games of the trip on Friday and Saturday, April 9 and 10.

The squad has been somewhat handicapped by the fact that the practice sessions have been indoors. The Georgia teams have been working out-of-doors now for several months. The men making up the squad will be definitely selected next Monday. Some of the positions are practically cinched however. Captain James Silver and "Red" Smith will undoubtedly be on the receiving end of the staff.



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NYIKOS NAMED CAGE PILOT

Johnny Nyikos, star center on the 1925-26 Irish cage outfit, was named captain of next year's five at the annual basketball banquet which was held last Sunday night.



NYIKOS

Nyikos will succeed Vince McNally, skipper of the victorious quintet which won 19 games out of a twenty-game schedule. McNally and Nyikos were nominated for the post but McNally declined and the honor was accorded to the popular center unanimously.

The banquet was the last official act of the greatest cage quintet that has represented Notre Dame and the outstanding basketball team of the middle west during the season which just closed.

Members of the varsity squad, coaches, officers of the University and members of the freshman squad, were present at the festivities.

Speeches, which always creep into celebrations of this nature, were on the bill. Following these, the election of Nyikos to the captaincy took place.

Of the regular squad only three will be lost through graduation. These are Clem Crowe, Mike Nyikos, and Ted Ley. McNally, Nyikos, Conroy and Dahman, all regular members of this year's five are to return in addition to a crack reserve team and many promising Freshmen.

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DEAR FOOTBALLERS:

The papers say that you are out for work and after looking over the rough turf of the Wise Fool Quadrangle it seems that for once the papers didn't make a mistake.

After hearing some of the words that flew about Father Stack's commons last Friday it seems that about a hundred of you wished that you hadn't wasted so much shoe leather in following that w. k. slogan "I'd walk a mile for a Camel" but it comes once in every lifetime so you ought to be satisfied.

All kidding aside, it's good to see you huskies out there chasing the apple around and by the time May 1 rolls around another champion should have been started well on its way up the path. You look like a tough

bunch even though all of you aren't as old as Tex Rickard.

I don't know what to think about the hefty line that's in prospect. It might turn out to be a tissue paper event after all. When diplococusses like Joe Boland, Frank Mayer and John Polisky can make a place on it, it must be a pink tea circle. Why, any of you that went over to Washington Hall the other night could see that they are a bunch of would-be athletes who are trying to star on the boards. Imagine a bunch of supposed hard guys kicking their ankles over the foot lights and dropping their eastern "r's" and making all their sentences end in poetry. It isn't doing right by little Nell to let those fellows make a football team. Someone ought to do something about it.

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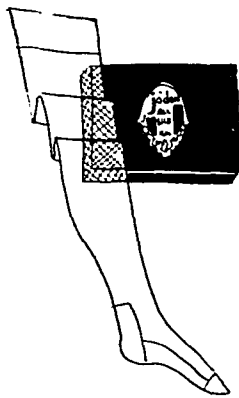
Last week blossomed out that artistic triumph, the "Absurdities of 1926" by the Monogram Club. And so on Saturday night as t. d. was about to grapple with ideas President Matthew Walsh, and Rev. J. Hugh O'Donnell, of the Department of Welfare, asked, "Are you going to the show?" We were not. Well, after they razed some about not appreciating the boys' absurdities of 1926, t. d. went and sat near the rear door with Mr. Phillips, and naturally there followed some precut talk on world literature, Mr. Ward Leahy's thesis and Dante.

On with the show. Some show, as they say. And we had our modest doubts which number we liked best until Father Thomas A. Lahey came along and formed our conscience for us. "The Monogram Opening Chorus was the most significant," he said, just like one who has discovered a new planet. Father Lahey is the sole author of "The Morals of Newspaper Making," it should be said here.

However, to be fair to everybody, as they say, t. d. rather favored Mr. John McManmon's "Putting it Over." Mr. John is a whale for perseverance, and beats the Ancient Mariner at his own game. Mr. Joseph Boland made a big bid for first honors defending N. D. a Lacu against her defamers and quite won the hearts of the law and order elements. We saw our good friend Mr. Joe Prelli do his bit with Mr. O'Boyle, but didn't hear him sing "White Rose" having previously listened to his cantation of "La Paloma." Enough is plenty. Petite Miss McNally seemed to have had all kinds of trouble keeping her skirts over her knees, which is not so surprising in these daring days when brevity is the soul of width. Miss Johanna McMullen was a noble squaw,—large and wholesome and well able to take care of all the little papooses.

"The Ballet of the Buns" featuring Miss Violet Ray Dahman as the chief offender found a responsive echo in every heart, as they say. The brashy way in which Miss Violet tossed out perfectly good buns to the bun-eaters was a caution. The local bakery department must have turned pale at the wild and rhythmic distribution. It should be observed in perfect frankness that Miss Violet Ray made no attempt to cover her knees, as the same would have been as useless as turning a garden hose on Vesuvius. Miss Violet's limbs are legs.

We cannot, of course, give honorable mention to every person in the cast who expects it, and will be gnashing his teeth that he doesn't get it. We have tried to pick out what probably escaped the crowd who went to laugh and not to be instructed and improved. "The Absurdities" is a grand Lenten show. It tones one's temper, or tempers one's tone. Or which is it?



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